

THE FIELD AFAR

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS

"DILIGENTIBUS DEUM, OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM."—Rom. viii. 28.



"TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."

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THE YOUNG KING OF UGANDA
British East Africa

Who will probably receive the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt with all the dignity of an African Court.

THE FIELD AFAR is a diocesan mission organ, published bi-monthly. It aims to arouse and strengthen interest in the world-wide apostolate.

The Subscription Price is fifty cents a year in advance. New subscriptions may begin at any time during the year.

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Letters should be addressed and orders made payable to Rev. J. A. Walsh, 75 Union Park St., Boston, Mass.

THE FIELD AFAR is published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau of Boston.

GO FORTH, YE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Go forth, ye Christian Soldiers, go;
In foreign lands the truth proclaim;
Teach darkened souls, that they may know
The beauty of the Saviour's Name;
And as ye mark each one untaught,
And each neglected soul behold,
The wondrous price at which 'twas bought
Will keep to lead it to the Fold!

Go forth, and may your strength increase;
For Jesus' sake your work is done;
The Gospel preach, and never cease
Till vast dominions ye have won!
God cheer ye, on each distant strand,
And may the seeds ye plant in love
Find harvest in that brighter land
That waits for your reward above!

—AMADEUS, O.S.F.

* *

NO era in the history of the Church has presented a better opportunity than now to spread the faith of our fathers. The Trans-Siberian Railway and magnificent ocean liners have brought Europe and America into comparatively easy communication with the Orient. The heart of Africa is accessible to the outer world by modern means of transportation.

There is enough money in the hands of Catholic people to meet the actual need of every foreign mission and to multiply our present work; and if our forces can be properly organized and centralized this money will not be withheld. A little from the many, regularly contributed, would accomplish the desired result. Spasmodic gifts, however generous, for special needs, though acceptable and often providential, can never be as effective.

* *

IF you begin to sympathize with the missions of the Church, remark the influences which have affected you and bring them to bear upon others. "On whom?" you ask. On the children over whom you may

be placed, as parent or teacher; on those who live under the same roof with you or toil by your side; on the friends whom you meet in social life.

Form some of these last-named into a Mission Reading Circle for ten consecutive weekly meetings. Communicate with the Diocesan office and you will be surprised at the far-reaching character of the results.

Millions are waiting to know Christ, but there are only a few thousands to speak His message.

* *

IT will be impossible to "teach all nations" without more missionaries. In some of the remote fields, the Church needs men and women of culture and the soundest possible education. In every land she needs missionaries whose lives are blameless, whose hearts are so full of the love of God that to win one soul to Christ will thrill the very fibres of their being with exultant joy. Our Lord has formulated his universal plan and given His command to preach the Gospel to every creature; it follows that there must be, somewhere on this earth to-day, enough souls to carry out the scheme of Redemption. No one will deny that vocations by the thousands and tens of thousands have been lost in ages past. They are being lost to-day,—for lack of instruction,—perhaps for lack of encouragement from those to whom we naturally look for initiative and guidance.

Here is a subject of our prayer and solicitude.

* *

CALLS come to us from all parts of the world,—from the needy missions of America, from the heart of Africa, from Asia and Oceanica,—calls for soldiers of Christ to volunteer for the remote fields of action, calls for the sinews of war to sustain those already engaged in the combat for immortal souls.

The Catholic priest, exiled on some remote island in the Pacific or in the interior of China, is no more bound to save his fellow-man than are we stay-at-homes. He has no greater power for intercession with God than many of us have or at least can cultivate.

We may not have his courage or his opportunity to face the trials of a remote mission, but there is no one of us who cannot give to him and to the general work of the Church, that help of prayer, without which the Kingdom of Christ will not come to all men.

WE cannot too strongly urge our readers to remember the missions in their prayers. Material alms are a necessity, but the grace of God is of infinitely greater value, for "unless the Lord build the City, they labor in vain that build it."

In movements for the good of souls, if many have failed, the failure can doubtless be traced to lack of prayers, for the Providence of God waits often for the petitions of men. These, while they add to His glory, strengthen man's faith in his Creator and Redeemer.

* *

A DAILY prayer, at least an ejaculation for the spread of the true faith throughout the world; a remembrance during Mass, above all in Communion; the occasional focus of our prayer in turn upon some special needs,—the negroes of Africa, for example, or those swiftly-coming races in Eastern Asia, the Chinese and Japanese, or the millions in India, or the savages in Oceanica,—these are reasonable requests, which, if our hearts beat with the true love of Christ, will not be denied.

If among the readers of these lines, some have already formed themselves into a Mission Reading Circle, they should act upon this suggestion and make prayer a feature of their meetings.

* *

WE have already called the attention of our readers to the fact that one of the commonly used English text-books in Japan has been "Peter Parley's Universal History," which rehearses time-worn calumnies against the Church of Christ.

What a pity that this constant and quiet attack on the Church could not have been met some years ago. It certainly would have been had English-speaking missionaries been on the ground early enough to get a line on the tactics of the enemy. We know that among the Protestant missionaries of Japan some are indeed worthy and not only appreciate the labors of our priests and nuns, but admire the Spirit of the Church. The bigot, however, finds his way also into the remote fields and sows cockle there, which will no longer take root at home.

A Japanese woman who visited Boston recently made her temporary home, quite by accident, with an exemplary Catholic lady to whom she became much attached. Before leaving, wishing to please her Catholic friend, she quite innocently and patronizingly said to her:

"I told my friends that I was living with a Catholic but that you were very good just the same." This young woman gave many other evidences of false impressions of the Church and unwittingly displayed a spirit which has been having a full swing at least in some of the districts presided over by the English-speaking Protestant missionaries of Japan.

* *

WE learn with deep regret of the death of Rev. Charles J. Judge, S.S.

Fr. Judge was the editor of his brother's letters, now well known under the title of "An American Missionary." We are sure that all who have read this delightful and edifying book, will gratefully record a prayer for the soul of him who has brought a brother's unselfish and heroic life into the light.

* *

BOOKS in the Boston Public Library are not reckoned by thousands but by millions, and here is a coincidence.

Bishop MacSherry during his stay in Boston, visited our Library, with which, it is needless to say, he was fascinated. One of the attendants offered to show the Bishop the expeditious method by which books are brought from the stacks to the delivery desk. The Bishop entered the enclosure and after examining the pneumatic tube system, was conducted to a miniature railway station at which the cars, containing books applied for, arrive. After waiting a moment, the click of an ascending car was heard, and as it appeared, the Bishop, curious to know what book had been requested, looked into the basket and noted the title of the uppermost volume, "An American Missionary in Alaska," the *Life of William H. Judge, S.J.*

The publisher of this book was standing at the Bishop's side and was more surprised than his companion.

On this occasion Bishop MacSherry received the impression that Catholic books are well represented and frequently used. We wish that we could confirm this good impression.

For Boston we maintain that the authorities in our Library are always ready to place Catholic literature at the disposal of the public and to give us the representation to which we are fairly entitled. We believe, however, that our Catholics, as a rule, do not make the most of their advantage.

When several applications have been made for a certain book, there is every reason to expect that it will be purchased if it is not already on

the catalog list. We are under the impression that Catholics are slow to make applications of this kind. Some of us have yet to learn that we are part owners in every public enterprise conducted by the community of which we are vital elements, and that the officials in all these institutions are paid for the service which they are expected to render and which, at the Boston Public Library, they do render, most courteously, to their patrons.

We know this of public libraries in New England outside of Boston,—that a few have been brought by intelligent Catholics to realize their mission to *all*, but that many are still hide-bound by the idea that Catholic literature is to be tolerated and confined to as few books as possible.

Make a test. Apply at your public library for one of the missionary books referred to in our columns. We shall be pleased to know the result.



CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES ON THE GANGES RIVER.

A NEW Year's post-card came from the worthy Bishop of Dacca, bearing on its reverse side the photograph of two bearded oarsmen with the written inscription, "Necessity makes unusual boatmen on the Ganges—Happy New Year, 1909."

Of this we are certain that both rowers are missionaries and we suspect that the Bishop is one, although his Episcopal ring is not in evidence.

A MISSION IN THE COOK ISLANDS.

BY PAULINE WILLIS.

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened."

The Cook Archipelago in the Pacific, consisting of a group of several islands separated from one another by some hundreds of miles, is under the spiritual charge of the Fathers of the Order of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, known also as the Order of Picpus.

This is the same Congregation to which the holy and heroic Father Damien belonged. The Vicar Apostolic is Mgr. Hermel, who lives at Tahiti.

Rev. Joachim Kerdal one of these Fathers, has been working for many years in the island of Rarotonga, having mastered the language of the natives and translated into it, the Catechism and a useful prayer book, he is now to be sent to plant the faith on one of the other islands, Manihiki.

The needs we all know, are very great on these distant mission fields; the lives of our missionaries are isolated and lonely; "what weariness! what struggles! what heroic efforts!" How much we can help encourage them if we only will, and so bring about the fulfillment of that beautiful prayer of the Church that "Minds may be one in faith, with deeds conjoined in love."

Father Kerdal writes: "Mgr. Hermel has given me the charge of starting a new mission at Manihiki, which I have been to visit. More than once I may have to appeal to your generosity to come to my aid for the work of this foundation where difficulties are multiplied. Happily it is for the dear Lord and the good of souls that we work, and I shall beg of the Sacred Heart to shower the greatest blessings upon all my benefactors.

Since the foundation of the Vicariate, no Catholic missionary has ever before set foot on this poor island. It is low, with only an elevation of a few feet above the level of the sea; a circle of cocoa trees surrounding a lake in the interior five or six miles in extent. Mother of pearl is found in the lake.

On the evening of the 20th of June we arrived at this island. The next day, Sunday, I went on shore with some apprehension, not knowing how

I should be received. The first village where I landed is called Tuka, of 180 inhabitants. The natives welcomed me there and gathered about me on the seashore, shaking my hand and looking at me from head to foot, a little no doubt as if I was a curious animal. They conducted me to one of the largest houses that I might speak to them. Very willingly I did this and explained the object of my voyage. For several hours I discoursed about our holy religion and the objections that were raised against us. They listened with open mouths, and when I had finished I asked them in public to tell me frankly if they desired that we should establish ourselves among them. They replied that they did greatly desire it, but above all that we should open a school to instruct their children. The house where we were (made of boards), will probably serve us as a chapel, presbytery and school to start with. It belongs to a half-caste, called Philip, who agrees to give it to us free for two years. I found only one Catholic, from the Gilbert islands, Louis Joseph. There are some lepers in the village.

The islanders are not rich. The food of the place consists of coconut, fish and a little puraka, no fruit or vegetables, and no pure drinking water in the village, which will be a great privation to us."

* *

AN American writer of considerable note, now a religious and formerly engaged in editorial work, kindly says: "*From stem to stern I read every line of your little bi-monthly and I can say that of no other paper I get.*"

ONE of our subscribers, a lady residing outside of Massachusetts, sends a generous gift to help push our circulation, saying that her husband, a prominent lawyer, and herself find *THE FIELD AFAR* always interesting. "My husband," she adds, "has frequently expressed his opinion that this paper is the *brightest religious publication which he has seen.*"

OTHER gracious words of encouragement have come unsolicited, from Fr. Elliot, C.S.P., Fr. Hudson of the Ave Maria; Mary Mannix of California; Anna Sadlier of Ottawa, who has sent us at least fifty names of possible subscribers; Fr. Browne, S.J., of Dublin; one of his confrères in Bombay, and many more whose good-will we prize.

FOR the past two years a Catholic Mission Class has been in existence at one of the Women's Colleges in this State. The Secretary writes:

I received my *FIELD AFAR* this morning and after reading it from cover to cover, I hasten to congratulate you on having given us a most interesting and valuable number.

I am heartily interested in missions, but whenever I read this paper I am almost overwhelmed with enthusiasm to do something to help along the great work. It is wonderful and it is such a pity that so few, comparatively, of our people appreciate it.

I shall read as much as I can from this splendid number of *THE FIELD AFAR* at our meeting to-morrow night.

THROUGH the generosity of subscribers, we are gradually supplying all our mission correspondents with copies of our paper; and this effort has already been amply compensated by the gratitude expressed in letters from the field. Many of these missionaries have been made to feel, for the first time, that they were truly united to the Catholics of America by ties of a faith and through the communion of Saints.

Bishop Schang of Chefoo, China, sending a New Year's greeting to the Archbishop of Boston, refers to *THE FIELD AFAR* "as a royal treat for the missionaries."

* *

THE MISSION READING CIRCLE.

LESSON NO. I.

Get together some sheets of paper, at least nine by twelve inches, white or light colored, strong enough to bear post-cards or photographs, and smooth enough for writing on its surface with an ordinary pen. Near the left edge have your stationer punch two holes; ask him also to do the same to two pieces of cardboard (ten by thirteen inches.) Cover the cardboard, if you wish, with some plain colored paper or serviceable cloth, tie covers and paper together with a strong ribbon, and mark on the outside,

MISSION SCRAP-BOOK.

What to put in it.

Briefly we may say: any printed or written material bearing on Catholic missionary work.

A. Post-cards. For these, diagonal slits in the leaves can be made as in ordinary post-card albums, to catch the four corners of the card.

B. Photographs, prints, etc. These may be found in different mission publications like *THE FIELD AFAR*, *Catholic Missions*, *The Annals*, *Extension*, *The Good Work*, *St. Joseph's Sheaf*, *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, *Les Missions Catholiques* and publications of different religious mission-

An American Missionary in Alaska.

Read this interesting account of Fr. Judge's adventures and labors.

293 pages, 16 illustrations. Bound in cloth.

Price, Postpaid, One Dollar.

ary societies. Several prints are always on hand at the Diocesan Office and will be forwarded on request.

C. Maps. Some of these are printed and also in stock at the Diocesan Office, but they should be supplemented by maps prepared from outline drawings by a member of the Circle.

D. Clippings, from daily or weekly papers. Occasionally there are items of mission interest in the secular dailies, not always reliable, however. There is a weekly installment of fresh mission news, absolutely trustworthy and usually first hand in our Boston diocesan weekly, *The Pilot*. This material is supplied by the Editor of *THE FIELD AFAR* who also sends contributions to other papers in New England,—*The Sacred Heart Review*, *The Providence Visitor*, *The Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, and *The Magnificat* of Manchester, Conn. Outside of New England, besides the sources mentioned above, i. e., the mission periodicals, material on Catholic missions is supplied from the Central Direction in the United States of the Lyons Society for the Propagation of the Faith to many Catholic papers, including some on the Pacific Coast.

E. Written or Typewritten Letters and Articles. These may be autograph letters from missionaries who will be designated by the Diocesan Director to correspond with the Circles, or articles prepared by members.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

This is an important suggestion which can easily be followed with a little care. The Mission Album as described above will be a loose-leaf book, into which new leaves can be inserted at will.

Material relating to missions ordinary. Ordinary General, i. e., the missionary spirit, scripture texts, testimonials about Catholic missionaries, advantages, etc. should be kept in one section, the front of the book, preferably. Each continent should have its own place and as the work develops, every country.

Organize your Circle; start your album, and send your Secretary's name to the Editor of *THE FIELD AFAR*, who will place it on his Correspondence Class List.

IN THE HOMES OF MARTYRS.

HENRY DORIE.

THAT Henry Dorie was a martyr I knew. I had read a short sketch of his life during an ocean voyage to France, and shortly after my arrival at the Paris Seminary in the Rue du Bac, I had stumbled on his class photograph while looking over some mission souvenirs in the room of Fr. Grosjean, the kind and genial procurator. His young face was there in a group of ten departing students, four of whom, including Fr. Dorie, were martyred in Korea less than two years later. Among the others was his bosom companion, Just de Bretenières.

When I next visited the Missions Etrangères, in the summer of 1906, I was assigned to the room which Henry Dorie had occupied as a student, and the following day, at table, I made inquiries about the martyr's birthplace. No one seemed able to recall it, for martyrs are quite common in this house, and we finally referred for information to Fr. Delpeche, a former contemporary of Théophane Vénard. The face of the venerable priest brightened as he replied without hesitation, "Dorie came from the Vendée, from the parish of St. Hilaire de Talmont."

I knew the general direction of the Vendée and there was no necessity at the moment for further information. So I pictured the young martyr's home somewhere along the west central coast of France, not a great distance from the diocese of Poitiers, with which I was already familiar through visits paid to the Curé of Assais, brother of Théophane Vénard.

A day or two later, on the occasion of a visit to Meudon, the summer house of the Missions Etrangères, I learned that there were no fewer than five young aspirants there from La Vendée, and among these we were delighted to find one who hailed from the parish of St. Hilaire de Talmont. This young man, Arthur Perroy, who has since departed for Eastern Asia, was then looking forward to his farewell visit home, and after giving me explicit directions, with a letter to his pastor, begged me to call also on his family. In the meantime he would write to M. le Curé, who, he assured me, would be *enchanted* to meet an American priest; and under these conditions I decided to include in my itinerary a pilgrimage to the home of Henry Dorie.

In less than a week I was leaving the Abbé Vénard, at Assais, bound

northwards. I changed trains after a short run and bought a ticket at the junction for Sables d'Olonne, a seashore resort on the Vendée coast, frequented principally by French families from Paris and other inland cities. I confess that the name was utterly strange to me, but I had long since realized that my travel-knowledge was incomplete. In the meantime I settled down in a compartment which I shared with a mother and her children, all bound for the sands of Olonne. One of the little ones insisted on calling me "Papa," but aside from this occasional embarrassment, I managed to enjoy the ride.

As I alighted from the train, however, an unlooked-for spectacle

the traditional dress of their ancestors.

The afternoon was rapidly going and my time was limited. St. Hilaire was some distance from Sables d'Olonne, I had learned, and could be reached by an electric train which makes three trips a day. Unfortunately the last train had gone. I was anxious, after the heat of the day, to breathe fresh air from the ocean and rest for a while looking out across the Atlantic, but the curé of St. Hilaire was fourteen kilometres away, nearly nine miles, and to keep my schedule I must see him that night. A cab driver, mounted on his shabby coach, had been hovering over me like a vulture and actually flew in my direction when I beckoned. I



A STREET SCENE AT SABLES d'OLONNE, FRANCE.

presented itself, which gave me the impression that a circus troupe was about to take its departure. Mingling freely with the people in waiting at the station were several women in picturesque, not to say theatrical, costume. The faces of many were old, even wrinkled, and all were sunburned, but their dress, or rather the curtailment of it, was unusual indeed. The heads were coiffed, the arms enveloped in balloon sleeves, and the skirts such as a child of twelve might wear; while the wooden shoes, high-heeled, and seemingly covered with patent leather, were used with a grace and precision that would have done credit to a dancing master. I soon learned that these were not the participants in a local side-show, but some of the natives who through successive generations had preserved

told him of my quandary and he became at once wonderfully sympathetic. Of course I could wait over and take the morning train for St. Hilaire. This was not the cabbie's view, and in presenting it I did not conceal my anxiety to make the curé's house if possible that night. My decision would depend upon his charge. The *cocher* saw the glitter of gold, and realizing the danger of its disappearing, he made a reasonable bargain. We started along the beach drive, giving the vacationists a slight diversion on the way, and soon passed over the meadows toward the heart of the Vendée.

It was six o'clock. The curé would dine at seven. He was not expecting me and there was no inn at the village, I had been told. Telephone and telegraph communication were

out of the question. I felt a trifle uneasy as I reflected on the uncertainties, but I had experienced such fine hospitality among the priests of France and had heard the curé of St. Hilaire praised so highly by several whom I had met, that I soon laid aside my fears and made up my mind to enjoy this ride in the cool of the evening.



"Great wind-mills moved lazily with the shifting breezes."

The road to Talmont, of which St. Hilaire is a little suburb, is, like most French roads, excellent.

The horse, after an exhibition of unusual speed along the esplanade, had settled down to a steady jog that seemed more in harmony with his appearance. We took our course to the southwest and climbed over a succession of small hills with the ocean in view for some time. Little children, bonneted like tiny grandmothers, played by the roadside and great windmills moved lazily with the shifting breezes. Hedges confined the low-lying fields dotted by innumerable small stacks of hay. From time to time as we rolled off the kilometers, that were plainly cut on little stones, we passed a wayside shrine and I wondered how long these land-marks of faith would be tolerated.

The homes which I noticed were comfortable, all of plastered brick, and several, evidently new, adorned with bright tiled roofs. The older dwellings were covered with vines and apparently surrounded by paths, brilliant with flowers.

Donkeys were very much in evidence, bred, I learned, in this section, for the pleasure of the summer boarders at Sables d'Olonne. They serve the natives, too, carrying peasants to the market and making great sport for the children of the Vendée.

Our road for a long distance was lined with high banks of grass-grown earth broken occasionally with gateways made of twisted branches.

We were at kilostone number 7 when Mr. Cocher began to renew his interest in my welfare. He knew many people at St. Hilaire, he said, but no one by the name of Dorie. He had never heard that any boy around there had been martyred in Korea. It is safe to say that he had never heard of Korea and I have no doubt that he still believes it somewhere in France. O these martyrs! how little do their fellow-men, near or far, know of their sacrifices for God and for souls. It matters little, at least to these soldiers of Christ whose crimson-jewelled crowns were not gained with the plaudits of the world, but it is to be regretted that the saintly lives and heroic deaths of our contemporaries pass unnoticed and unknown by many to whom they would be an edification and a strength.

We had climbed to a point from which a long double row of pine trees ran for a distance of nearly 500 feet. This was evidently an entrance to some estate and, as the driver informed me that a well-known chateau lay at the end of the avenue, I recalled the fact that Henry Dorie was a protégé of a certain nobleman of Talmont who had at first strenuously opposed his idea of going to the foreign missions. We were still four kilos from St. Hilaire, but as we reached the brow of the hill, I could see in the distance the church spire of the little village. "Voilà," said the expectant one in the box above, as he pointed his whip straight before him—"le clocher de St. Hilaire,—un joli clocher n'est-ce-pas?" I agreed with him. I always do when a Frenchman says "n'est-ce-pas" about some indifferent subject and I am tired; but on this occasion, I was quite of Mr. Cocher's opinion.

We rose to another hill. The sun was preparing for a dying burst of light; the green of the hedges seemed suddenly to become more brilliant and the new-mown fields looked whiter. Then the great ball in the heavens sunk, not to its death, but to its rest and *le coucher du soleil* was accomplished. The horse with shuffling steps plodded down a fairly steep grade where the air was so damp and uncomfortably chilled that

I began to wonder if the plates had all been cleared away at the curé's house and if his housekeeper was a crank.

From my experience at Assais and elsewhere, I knew that curiosity about an American priest would stimulate the 'bonne' in a small French village to such an extent that she could even forget she was working; and I felt that this curiosity would last long enough for present needs. On the other hand, I recalled one instance when the lady of the house became so curious, under similar circumstances, that she quite forgot to work.

The toilers were returning from the fields. Our carriage passed close to them and I was tempted to inquire if any were related to my little martyr-friend, but time was a consideration and it might take those worthy peasants some moments to recover from the shock of such a question.

Our road at length took a turn and we drove into the picturesque town of Talmont with its river at our feet, its castle ruins on the banks above, and a dignified church commanding all. Most of the people were resting on the porches after the heat of the day, the men bare-headed, the women in whitened coiffes, and they nodded a respectful salute. It took but a few moments to pass the limits of this parish and another turn to the left brought us into a well-paved street arched with trees and broken only by a bridge of stone, under which a little stream runs swiftly, almost in the shadow of the pretty *fleche* of St.



"Broken only by a bridge of stone, under which a stream runs swiftly."

Hilaire. In a moment we had passed the church and I found myself in a small settlement of neat houses, somewhat crowded together, all opening into a narrow street that followed the line of the curé's garden-wall. At the gate I left the carriage but did not dismiss my driver, as the terrible fear had come to me that the good man of the house might be away. I yanked at the bell-wire and prepared for the worst. . . . I did not have to return with Mr. Cocher.

A young priest opened the gate rather suddenly and somewhat upset my ideas of French clerical propriety by appearing in citizen's clothing, or a tucked-up cassock—I could not discern which—leading a bicy-

as Madame, the cook did the spectacle of an American being fed.

My bed-room at St. Hilaire was a large, clean, well-aired apartment that looked out to fields beyond and over the old church, which serves as an apse to the present structure. I never had recalled such a stillness. The insect creation evidently followed the custom of the villagers to retire at nine o'clock, in separate apartments, I hoped, and so it proved.

I slept undisturbed, using only one of the two beds with which the room was provided, and so soundly that I did not wake until the housekeeper next morning gave my door a vigorous knock, which I could hardly pretend later not to have heard.



"The picturesque town of Talmont, with its river at our feet."

cle. He was about to go on a sick-call but he assured me that the curé was at home and pointed to an open door. I had hardly taken a step when my venerable host appeared, smiling his recognition and extending a welcome, cordial and genuine. He had been looking for the stranger and he knew that I was on my way from Assais and I must be tired after so long a journey. Dinner was over, but not for me, and if he had been certain that I was coming, all would have waited. Now, if I would be so good as not to mind the delay, the meal would soon be prepared. It was not hard to be good enough under such conditions, so I acquiesced graciously and walked out into the deepening twilight with the good priest, up and down through his extensive gardens until we were summoned to a very cozy dinner provided for the late comer—who enjoyed it quite as much

as I. It was still early but the curé had gone into the church and the Mass bell was ringing. When I reached the sacristy, I was instructed to prepare for Mass at one of the two altars in the old church. At the other altar a requiem service was being chanted. These altars were at either side of the church, in the centre of which stood a line of huge columns. There was no high altar.

Henry Dorie knew and loved this place of worship, where, like the sabot-shod boy who served me, he, too, had often assisted at the Holy Sacrifice. The requiem was not disturbing although I remarked upon entering the church that the choir consisted of one man—the sexton, as at Assais, who so far as I could see, also represented the mourners. This individual sang, without accompaniment or score, quite correctly and tolerably well.

TWO letters have come from Fr. Eusebius Vénard since our last issue. The difficulty alluded to in the first has been overcome as we recently forwarded two hundred copies of the French life to Paris. Fr. Vénard writes:

ASSAIS, Deux Sevres,
Dec. 9, 1908.

"The decree *de tuto* for the Beatification should have been read at Rome last Sunday, the 6th of this month. But Pius X being indisposed, the reading has been deferred to next Sunday, the 13th. However, this will not retard the Cause at all. It seems that the feasts will take place next spring.

We are waiting patiently, dear friend, for a copy of your French edition of my brother's life. The call is insistent everywhere. Just now we have absolute need of some in order to be able to avoid discrepancies between this edition and the one which is going to be printed for us.

It is indeed regrettable that all the stock has been sent to Boston, for to-day we would be able to profit by it. What is done is done. It had to be and there is no use crying over it.

I went to Paris for the departure of my dear Abbé Basil Huctin and I saw the two volumes which you sent him, but I did not open them. There was just time enough to have them bound before putting them in his valise.

Just now I am correcting proofs of the *Selected Letters* of which 200 pages are printed. I expect then to prepare without delay the little volume taken from the Apostolic Process.

Our new edition will be also illustrated. If you have plates which can be useful, will you send them?

A stained-glass window artist of Bordeaux, who is now preparing for St. Loup an artistic window in memory of the dear martyr, will likewise furnish me some plates, as he needs such, and I shall be able thus to have several unpublished illustrations.

I have composed a special office for myself in honor of Théophane and I began to say it on the anniversary of his birth. It is a brother's consolation."

ASSAIS, Jan. 6, 1909.

"Good health and happiness I wish you with a very large heart, thanking you for your generosity.

I am tired, very tired with all the labors which the dear martyr does not cease to lay upon me every day. Along with these, for the last three weeks, a heavy cold has been using me up day and night. Still I keep on working.

The "*Selected Letters*" of our Théophane are more than half-printed and soon we shall begin the new edition of the illustrated life.

I beg of you to offer my respectful homage with my gratitude to that good lady who wishes to give herself the trouble of binding the volume on B. Théophane for the Holy Father.

Many of the confrères of Poitiers wish to go to Rome to accompany me for the 2nd of May, the day fixed for the great feasts. And you, what do you say, you have no desire?

Au revoir, à bientôt,
Tout à vous.

L. E. VENARD,
Curé d'Assais.

A NEW LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Reviewed for THE FIELD AFAR by
VICTORIA LARMOUR, Northampton.

THE new *Life of Saint Francis Xavier* (*Vie de Saint François Xavier*), by the Rev. Fr. L. Michel, S. J., is published by Casterman, Paris and Tournai.

Much has been done by the Jesuit Fathers within the last few years to collect the facts of the life of their great saint. Especially valuable has been the publication of the *Monumenta Xaveriana*. Using these, as well as many other unedited documents collected by himself and other members of the Order, Fr. L. Michel, S. J., gives us a comprehensive life of St. Francis, revealing many facts hitherto unpublished.

"Heroic intrepidity and unswerving perseverance in undertaking and successfully accomplishing tasks which at first sight seem impossible; intimate and incessant communion with God, in the midst of the exhausting labors of an uninterrupted and indefatigable apostleship; such are the two admirable and surprising characteristics of the life of the 'Apostle of India and Japan,'" says Fr. Michel, and it is especially from these two points of view that he has aimed to present the life of St. Francis.

The work is divided into six books, five of which are devoted to a chronological account of the saint's life, the author giving throughout a very clear presentation of the historical background. The chapters devoted to the early youth of St. Francis, his life at the University, his meeting with Ignatius Loyola and the founding of the Order of Jesus, are particularly lucid and interesting. The following quotation from Dr. Navarro, uncle of Francis, gives an excellent picture of the future saint as he is about to enter the University. "He had not his equal, so gentle, amiable, polished, cheerful and entertaining was he; with a singularly penetrating intelligence, anxious to learn and desirous to excel in everything which makes the accomplished gentleman, already beloved by his own people, he charmed and delighted on first acquaintance those who had never seen him." Arrived at the University young Francis, as he himself later confessed, fell in with loose companions. But his heart remaining pure, he escaped unharmed by these evil associations; and, through the influence of a virtuous master and the inspiring example of his devoted

friend, the zealous young Pierre Le Fèvre, he soon turned again into the path of righteousness, and before long found himself, together with his friend, a follower of Ignatius Loyola.

Fr. Michel then presents very vividly the early trials and adventures of the Jesuits, their journey to Rome and cordial reception by the Pope; St. Francis' work in Portugal; and finally his calling to India and departure from Portugal.

The method used by the great apostle it also very interestingly brought out; first of all insisting on showing kindness to all and thereby making himself beloved by all; teaching the people to say the principal prayers, *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria*, etc.; carefully explaining and urging the necessity of believing the twelve articles of faith, contained in the Creed, and of observing the Ten Commandments; never failing to perform baptisms or to hear confessions, even though the numbers were so large as to fill his entire days; preaching about some article of faith on Sundays; engaging in philosophical and theological arguments with the more learned, when occasion called and time permitted.

Nor does Fr. Michel fail to relate many of the almost countless miracles performed by St. Francis. The Saint himself, however, always sought to conceal these marvellous deeds and gave out natural explanations of them, attributing all to God.

The sixth and last book summarizes the characteristics of the life and work of St. Francis. "It can be stated in all truth that Francis was an eminent religious, in unceasing communion with God, faithfully keeping his vows, humble, ready to make any sacrifice, never appearing happier than when the cross weighed heavily on his shoulders . . . And he was as great an apostle as he was a religious . . . Labors, sufferings, vigils, hunger, thirst, countless fasts, cold, exposure, voyages without number; in danger on the waters, in danger from the attacks of brigands on land, in danger from the malice of his fellow-countrymen as well as of that of the heathen, in danger among false brethren, in danger in the cities, in danger on the sea,—the 'Apostle of India' braved all with courage, and submitted to all with patience, for the good of souls; the enumeration of the works and many trials of St. Paul are applicable to him in many points."

The last chapter gives much interesting and valuable information concerning the Château de Xavier, the birthplace of St. Francis; the Sanceian island where he was first buried; and the Church at Goa, the final resting place of the great saint.

There are also valuable appendices,—a chronology of the life of St. Francis; an exhaustive and scholarly bibliography; testimony with regard to the exact date of the apostle's death; and the bull of the canonization of St. Francis.

Altogether the book is so scholarly, so interesting, and so inspiring that one regrets that so many Americans will be prevented from enjoying it, because of its voluminousness and the fact that it is written in French.



THE COUNTESS DE BRETENIÈRES.
(Mother of a recent martyr.)

IN our series entitled "*In the Homes of Martyrs*," a photograph of the Count de Bretenières appeared, but at that time it was impossible to secure a likeness of the martyr's mother in whom many of our readers were interested.

It is our privilege in this issue to supply the missing illustration which was secured only a few days ago from Fr. Christian de Bretenières, the martyr's younger brother, who to-day presides over St. Francis de Sales College in Dijon, France.

OUR YOUNG APOSTLES.

WHILE Father Toner in the letter which follows, writes especially for the boys in one of our schools, St. Peter's Dorchester, we know that he will be much pleased to learn that his words are reaching all our young apostles, who will certainly enjoy his charming letter. We suggest that before reading Fr. Toner's letter you look up *Lake Victoria, Nyanza*, in your geography. You will find it in East Africa.

Namilyango Grammar School,
Uganda, British East Africa,

MY DEAR FATHER WALSH:

Very many thanks for your excellent little journal *THE FIELD AFAR*, the first copy of which I received by this week's mail. As our mail only arrives once in three weeks on an average, I can assure you that any little reading matter is heartily welcome. What struck me most in your delightful publication was the great interest which is taken in Foreign Missionary work by the boys of St. Peter's Dorchester. Hence I suppose these young apostles would like to hear a few experiences in trying to teach the boys of St. Peter's Uganda.

Our school was the first boarding-school, either Catholic or Protestant, to be established in Uganda. It overlooks the beautiful lake of Victoria Nyanza, 4,000 feet above the sea-level, so that we are very high up in the Dark Continent and also are situated on the Equator line, which we feel but never see. Surrounding us are grass-clad hills with rich groves of bananas, with their little beehive native huts. Altogether the aspect is smiling and pleasant, and very fit for a school, as the Capital of Uganda, Kampala, is only 13 miles distant, where the King resides, who, by the way, celebrated his twelfth birthday last August.

THE LITTLE KING.

He is a nice little fellow and speaks English perfectly. The natives hold him in the greatest respect, in fact, are quite afraid of him, which is no doubt due to the bloodthirstiness of his predecessors, who were great tyrants. This young "Kabaka," as he is called, paid a visit to our school last year and to see the boys serving him at table made us smile, for they were afraid of upsetting the soup, and so having incurred His Majesty's displeasure, thought their heads would be chopped off. All these barbarities have long since ceased, thanks to Christianity.

When I arrived fresh from college, and not knowing much about the language, I found teaching pretty difficult. To open the class I thought I couldn't do better than show my Baganda boys some pictures of scriptural subjects. I got on famously until I came to one picture supposed to represent the "Blessed in Heaven" and the Wicked on the other Equator line. One smart boy noticing that all the Blessed were represented as "White people" and the wicked in the other region were "Black," said to me: "Do only Europeans go to heaven?" "No," I said, "we have come to you to help you to go there." "Oh," he said, "but will we be white when we get there?" "Well," I said, "as I've never been there I can't answer for that, but perhaps you may." "No," said he, "I don't think so." "Why," I

said, "can't God do all things." "Oh, yes," "Well, then," I said, "God can change your skin from black to white." "Yes," he said very, very doubtfully. I could see he didn't believe it all, just the same.

THE NEGRO AND THE CHEESE.

After this I put the pictures away and told the boys the old tale of the negro and the cheese, which every white school boy knows, but lest one of my readers does not, it runs as follows: Two men were once talking about the thickness of a negro's skull. One said he had seen a large round cheese suspended on a high tree and then dropped on a passing negro's head. The negro looked up and said, "I'm afraid its going to rain." "That's nothing," said the other man, "I once substituted a grindstone for the cheese and when it dropped on the African's head the stone broke in a hundred pieces." "That was a very hard cheese," said the black. After I told the boys this I couldn't even see the traces of a smile. "Quite natural," they said, and many a time since when trying to drum into their heads a few words of English I have been forcibly reminded of "The Negro and the Cheese."

In a recent examination one bright Miganda wrote his paper thus: "My father gave me a good whack, meaning of course, good watch." "Go and wash your hams and face," said another, and "this are went, other have sit." One budding financier wrote: "Have you any rupees? Yes. I have none," and also "Have you seen the young girl of 70 years old?" These are only a few examples.

The other evening a traveller called at our mission and seeing us in white cassocks said: "Parlez vous français," evidently taking us for Frenchmen. "O yes," we answered, "but we speak English better." "Thank God for for that," said he, while the look of relief on his face showed the load lifted from his mind. He turned out to be a gentleman from Yorkshire who had come to Africa searching for butterflies. Fancy him coming all this way to catch flies, instead of souls.

Hearing our boys making a tremendous noise last night I went to see the reason of such a commotion and found them all kneeling round a small opening in the ground from which flying ants were just emerging, and as each ant appeared it was eagerly grabbed and thrust into their mouths alive, wings and all. They said they bit if you did not eat them at at once, but needless to say I didn't indulge in them.

FOOTBALL IN UGANDA.

Football according to English rules is thoroughly enjoyed by our boys. They play in the cool of the evening and to see see the distance they kick the leather with their bare feet would surprise you. I cannot understand how they don't break their toes. They must be made of india-rubber. Some of these days I suppose baseball will be introduced, but at present as we have not a hospital attached to the school we must hold our souls in patience.

We have to keep guard over our salt here, for the natives eat it much the same as candy in American schools. For a few shells (something like winkle shells) the boys buy small packets of salt and they are continually asking us for shells to buy it. We generally treat them to it on feast days. Our exchequer is very limited, otherwise they could have salt oftener.

Ten new subscribers at fifty cents each will bring back to any boy or girl a special letter of thanks from the editor and any one of our books, autographed if requested.

THE "JIGGER."

Every day before going into school, our boys have to undergo an examination of the feet. Rather peculiar, you say! but when I tell you that an insect called a jigger, the greatest nuisance in the whole of Uganda, burrows its way into the flesh and takes up its lodging there, this examination is not so surprising. I once saw a boy who had more than half of his foot eaten away through not taking these insects out. They even get through your boots and Europeans are not spared their attentions. All at once you feel a peculiar tickling sensation in the sole of your foot. You immediately call your boy and he comes armed with a needle and after probing your pedal organs with more or less pain, generally more, he extracts your unwelcome visitor. The operation has to be repeated twice or thrice a week according to the inquisitive nature of the equatorial nuisance. Hence you see the necessity of keeping our boys' feet free from these pests; for the more our pupils have the more are we liable to receive unwelcome visitors.

You may say what queer missionary work we have, but this teaching is only part of our work. By educating these Baganda boys we are sowing the seeds of our Holy Religion in youths who some day will be men of importance in Government positions, for which a knowledge of English is essential. We are trying to instil into them that "example is better than words," and so by their future pure lives they will teach their more ignorant countrymen what the Catholic religion really is. We have only 30 boys at present, we have room for 50, but cannot afford to receive more on account of want of means. Now this is what I want you to pray for, that Almighty God will send us in the first place more missionaries to help us, for the Baganda are very much inclined to our religion. Would that some one of you of St. Peter's would give his life for this grand and noble work. Pray for a vocation for it; for "if to save a man from death, which he must some day die, deserves an ample reward, what must be his merit and reward who saves a soul destined to eternal life." In the second place, I wish you to think sometimes of us who are "bearing the burden and the heat of the day" in Central Africa and do send us a few crumbs of your "mite offerings," thereby showing us that at least we have your practical sympathy. I shall ask my black Peter boys to pray for you Dorchester Peter boys that God may bless Dear Father Walsh in his great work and you and your dear parents and teachers. Promising to make a memento in Holy Mass for you all, believe me, my dear St. Peter boys,

Yours, very sincerely in Christ,

JOHN TONER, M.Ap.

* *

FR. IGNATIUS calls the attention of his young apostles to page 4 of this issue where they may read something of interest about Mission Reading Circles. Perhaps some of his readers are old enough to organize one of these. Fr. Ignatius will be glad to help them fill up their album.

AFRICA.

MOTHER PAUL will be happy when she learns that the need (a harmonium), to which she alluded in the following letter, has already been met.

"Thanks be to God the debt which haunted me is now paid," she writes, "and my mind is at ease. I am confident the future is in safe hands and that God will inspire faithful souls to continue their offerings that His work here may not suffer. Trials are necessary and good for us; and I admit that I feel ashamed of myself for whining as I did when the trial of poverty came to us. We can now laugh as we look back at the earnest expressions we won as we tried to get the necessary fifteen cents for the leg of goat to make our mid-day meal. But it was not very amusing then!

Our new school building is a strong brick structure with corrugated iron roof. We hope to occupy it early in the New Year and as the children are now attending in good numbers we are encouraged at the prospect before us for 1909. School furniture is wanting, but there will be some response to the appeals made, so we must wait. I hope Boston will send the harmonium. The Baganda have peculiar voices and in training them for singing the services we cannot depend on our own voices to lead them. The children have a better ear than their elders and still the room for improvement is so good that we are most anxious to get a harmonium and make better efforts to train their young voices to sing the praises of God and His Blessed Mother becomingly.

Our natives have a wonderful love for our Blessed Lady and few of them miss the daily recitation of the Rosary.

We unite in sending to you and the Promoters our very best wishes.

MOTHER MARY PAUL.
Uganda, British East Africa.

* *

"I wish you many spiritual consolations, the joy of leading many souls into the path of goodness and of contributing powerfully to the extension of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I wish you also a great abundance of heavenly graces which I beg you to share with the Japanese that their conversion may be hastened and with the missionaries that they may be zealous and filled with the spirit of God.

In your prayers remember me, and the needs of my mission and kindly accept the assurance of my gratitude in Jesus Christ."

A missionary's greeting to the Boston Director, S. P. F.

* *

REV. HENRY BROWN, S. J., of University College, Dublin, writes of THE FIELD AFAR:

"You have evidenced a completely new spirit, and your work is an object lesson for the whole English-speaking world. God knows it was badly wanting!"

KOREA.

READERS of THE FIELD AFAR will recall the persecution in Korea, during which, Just de Bretenières and Henry Dorie were martyred, together with two bishops and five other priests. That was in 1861, and for ten years the little flock in Korea remained without a Shepherd. Finally, in 1876, two French priests managed to enter the forbidden territory and, the following year, Bishop Ridet arrived. The state in which he found the mission may be realized best from his own words:

"Some thousands of the faithful have disappeared, victims of the cruel persecution which the Christians say was the most terrible ever witnessed here. Some died of hunger, cold and misery;

Korea had two missionaries, and during the period of one year counted the baptisms of 189 adults and 108 pagan infants.

Six years later the missionaries increased in numbers, took a census and found about 12,000 Christians who had survived the persecution and kept the faith of their baptism.

The year 1900 brought to light these consoling figures: 42,441 Christians, 41 European missionaries, 12 native Korean priests, 4,752 baptisms of adults that year and 2,507 of pagan children.

Seven years later an increase of 20,000 Christians was recorded and now the figures for 1908 reveal the fact that last year nearly 5,000 converts were added to the lists.



CATHEDRAL OF SEOUL, KOREA.

others, especially young girls, were sold as slaves and brought, no one knows where. Those whom we find are in the most miserable condition of body and soul. Obligated to flee and hide they lost all their possessions, their fields and their homes, they have no means of livelihood. Here I am in hiding, surrounded on all sides by pagans. I can speak only in a whisper and when I go out to minister to the Christians, it is only after dark. Until now I have not been disturbed.

Hardly a month had elapsed after the writing of these lines when the Bishop, at the end of January, 1878, was arrested and thrown into prison, where he stayed until June.

In 1879 a priest, Fr. Deguet, was likewise confined and this was the last act of violent persecution by the Korean government.

That was thirty years ago.

In taking account of the "Spiritual returns" at that time, the Church in

To-day, under Bishop Mutel, there are 46 European and 10 native priests and 931 mission stations. The Cathedral at Seoul, built from subscriptions obtained largely in France, is a landmark and source of laudable pride to the Catholic natives, who make good use of it.

* *

CHINA.

SISTER XAVIER'S latest letter is dated from Ning-po, Dec. 15th. It arrived January 17th and announces a present for the School at St. Joseph's in Somerville, where the Ning-po mission has many earnest young friends, also an expected invoice of silks, lace and embroidery made up into table centres, doilies, scarfs, cushions covers and vestments.

This will be an interesting exhibit and we hope that it will come safely.

THE Fathers Fraser are as zealous as ever in their work among the Chinese. Fr. William informs us that a carefully prepared album, which, by the way, we hope soon to reproduce, has won the special interest of Pope Pius X. We quote Fr. Fraser's letter on this subject, which our readers will be glad to see:

Catholic Mission, Hang Chow.

"DEAR FATHER WALSH:

Now that the year 1908 has drawn to a close, I wish to heartily thank you and all your dear members of the S. P. F. for your generous co-operation in spreading the faith here; and I am glad to tell you that the Holy Father is now in a special manner interested in the good works of this province, which can be seen from the following letter that my brother John received from Rome. Perhaps you have heard that my brother sent a photo-album to the Holy Father. I saw the album in Ning-po three months ago and certainly my brother took great pains in making it up. And now this letter from Rome will amply reward his efforts. The letter is from Father Venziani of the Lazarists, Rome, who presented the album to the Holy Father, and is in Italian. Here is the translation:—"

Rome, Sept. 24th, 1908.

"Dear Father Fraser:

I have good news for you. The Holy Father is immensely pleased with your album. In the evening after supper he examined the photographs in it one by one with the greatest delight and love. He was so pleased at seeing the likenesses of so many persons who venerate him as Father, that he has imparted a special blessing to you and to the Che-Kiang Mission. When he came to your own portrait towards the end of the album, he exclaimed, "Bravo Figliolo" (Brave Boy). I believe he will give orders to have you informed of his pleasure, and thank you personally for a gift so acceptable to him. At any rate, in the meantime, I am authorized to make known to you in the warmest possible terms how satisfied he is. Pray to our Lord for me and believe me.

Yours most devotedly in Xt.,

A. VENEZIANI."

I had no idea that the album would have received so special an audience with the Pope. But by the above letter, the photos in it must have unrolled themselves before the eyes of the august Pontiff at his leisure hour after supper, like the scenes of some wonderful panorama. How great must be the heart of our Holy Father! How he loves his children even in the remotest corners of the world! I am sure, dear father, you and our kind benefactors in America share in the special blessing we have received.

I am making steady progress in my new dialect and can now preach in it.

I am making a Novena for a great intention, which, if obtained, will certainly be a source of joy and consolation to you.

Mass offerings are of the greatest aid to us and my companion priests and I shall be most grateful for as many as you can send. The Hang-Chow district is much poorer financially than Wenchow and we cannot build chapels in places where there are large Christian settlements.

Once more thanking you for all the good you have done for us and wishing you a more successful year than ever, I remain

Yours most sincerely in Xt.,

WILLIAM FRASER."

JAPAN.

BISHOP BERLIOZ tells us that in Japan the year 1909 is called the rooster's year, and is supposed to be especially full of good promise. "When the rooster crows, hope returns."

✱ ✱

THE Catholic world is looking forward with much interest to the Beatification of Joan of Arc which will take place at Rome, in May of this year. On this occasion, as some of our readers have already doubtless been made aware, Théophane Vénard with several others—European and Annamite martyrs—will also receive the honors of Beatification.

Readers of *A Modern Martyr* will recall that the head of Théophane Vénard has remained, since his martyrdom, an object of veneration at Tonkin. Lately it was exhumed along with the remains of the other martyrs, whose beatification will take place. Fr. Edmund Dupin, who sent us this item direct from Tonkin, adds: "Born five days before the decapitation of Fr. Vénard, I replaced him here 27 years later and twenty years after my arrival I have just had the great honor of holding in my hands and enveloping in silk the august and venerable head of the martyr. Is not this enough to excite the Abbé Eusebius, the Martyr's surviving brother, to a holy envy?"

IF you are still unacquainted with Fr. Vénard's letters, of which the book entitled "*A Modern Martyr*" is mainly composed, you will do well to read them.

Here are some brief comments which have been made on this volume, which is to-day in the hands of more than 5000 people:

"A charming volume."—FR. HUDSON in *The Ave Maria*.

"May this golden 'Life' have a great circulation and stir up the missionary fire in many hearts."—J. CASARTELLI, Bishop of Salford.

"It is the most fascinating book I have read in a long time. I can hardly put it out of my hands, and have finished reading half of it already."—ARCHBISHOP FARLEY.

"It is a most delightful book and very touching indeed. It filled me with envy for the high privilege of Vénard to die for the Faith of Christ. I wish that every priest and every aspirant to the priesthood could read that book."—WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

"It is very interesting and makes one wonder why boys can't be interested in such tales of heroism. If they knew about them I feel that there would be a lessening of patronage of the dime novel."—MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

Renew your subscription now, so that we may not have to follow post-office regulations and take your name off our lists. We need your name and you need *The Field Afar*.

Send fifty cents in stamps, if you prefer; or a one dollar bill for two years. Why not, at the same time, suggest some possible subscribers whose hearts might warm to *The Field Afar*, and whose minds are large enough to embrace it?

If in addition to your receipt for a single subscription, you desire our little volume, "*Thoughts from Modern Martyrs*," send one dollar.

Address for books and subscriptions, The Propagation of Faith Office Bureau, 62 Union Park Street, Boston, Mass.

"The book will bear re-reading after you lay it down, particularly that portion where the young martyr bravely withstands the ugly cuts and brutal treatment leading up to the final blow. Call it grit, fortitude or whatever else you please, you must admire him, and you are glad that you knew such a man, though it is only from the pages of a book."—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

"Such a memory of simple and sweet joyousness as this little book gives! It does not confound our poorer natures by its heights and depths, resplendent as those are in it. Something human and loving and intimate moves us to understanding and sympathy and makes its appeal almost personal. You feel as if he would be friend as well as teacher."—MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

"*A Modern Martyr*' has all the charm and interest of a novel. In variety of incident, in wealth of detail, in careful analysis of character '*A Modern Martyr*' will not suffer by comparison with the latest production of fiction. It is brimful of human love and human interest. Chapters there are here that, strung together, might be woven into a sweet tale based upon domestic affection."—CATHOLIC TRANSCRIPT.

"We have taken it for all the branches. I have read most of it and shall read it all. It seems to me that you have presented an example of the missionary spirit, exactly the character that must appeal to the hearts of readers, saintly, but individual and thoroughly human. The little glimpses of French clerical life are very interesting. I judge that you have really made a new work of Lady Herbert's translation and started it on a fresh career."—LANGDON L. WARD [Boston Public Library.]

"I can not tell you with what pleasure and edification I have read the *Life of Father Théophane Vénard*. It takes one back from the twentieth century with its terrible Zeitgeist to the ages of faith and makes one feel consoled to know that such souls are still born into the world. What a beautiful, natural simple family altogether. And how hard it must have been for that sweet, pure, affectionate boy to leave them behind. Nothing, nothing but supernatural grace can explain it. And that feature of the book alone is a sermon and a lesson in itself. It seems to me it is the humanity of the Saints as that of Our Lord which brings them nearer to us."—MRS. MARY MANNIX.

It is only a few years since the consecration, in Philadelphia, of Bishop O'Gorman, C.S.Sp., who left, soon afterwards, for his remote vicariate, Sierra Leone, on the West Central coast of Africa. Since then Bishop O'Gorman has been near death's door with fever, from which he recovered after a long illness. He visited this country last year and met with considerable success in making known the need of his mission and in gathering funds.

From time to time we have heard through one or another of the priests in Sierra Leone, of the excellent progress which the Church has made under the direction of this Bishop from the United States. Fr. Lynch in a recent letter says that Bishop O'Gorman "has done wonders and is indefatigable." He adds, however, that in spite of many labors, "two thirds of the Vicariate is without a single missionary station. The Mahometans are coming in from the North and Protestants from the coast so that the present moment is not only propitious but critical."

Fr. Lynch has prepared a summary of conditions in Sierra Leone which we give below. He says that the Catholic missionaries have had to suffer, not so much from the climate, which is very trying, as from bad housing and bad food. Several priests and nuns have spent ten and twelve consecutive years in this pestilential atmosphere without leaving the vicariate for even a few months. He believes that many lives would be spared and better work done if means could be provided to give to Catholic missionaries in Sierra Leone and similar fever areas a change of air every few years.

"In spite of difficulties," Fr. Lynch writes in his summary, "Catholic mission work in this vicariate is one of the most promising on the West Coast of Africa. The country is thickly populated, the natives friendly and well disposed towards the Catholic missionary whom they invite, and gladly welcome among them. A great deal has been done by the early missionaries who arrived in the fifties, but it is nothing compared to what remains. At present we have in all eight missions, three on the coast and five in the interior at intervals of about fifty miles. Besides these, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny have charge of three schools and three orphanages for girls. The Catholic population in Sierra Leone is about 2500.

The missionaries in the interior live in mud huts like the natives, and in great part upon the same food. Those who have lived under a bamboo roof know well what poor protection it affords against the tornadoes and almost daily torrential downpours during the rainy season. Add to this the great heat, malarial fevers and lack of strength from overwork and want of proper food. The

past year has been exceptionally disastrous. From December, 1907, to December, 1908, we lost three Fathers and one Sister from blackwater fever, two other Fathers were near death from the same terrible malady while two others, of whom I am one, and some Sisters, have been invalidated home.

Do what you can for us.

Sincerely in Christ,

D. LYNCH, C.S. Sp.

* *

INDIA.

FR. AELEN, the zealous young Mill Hill missionary in India, whose name is now familiar to our readers, is adding to our collection of lantern slides by forwarding more than 30 views of Catholic work in his



ONE OF FATHER AELEN'S FLOCK.
The first in a newly opened orphanage.

mission. These include his own home, and church, native Catholics, men, women, and children, of various castes, the parish priest, the nuns at their work, a missionary and his bullock-cart, street and river scenes, etc.

The slides will be a welcome addition to those we already possess, and will help to make the Church's work in India better known.

With the letter which announces these slides Fr. Aelen has enclosed a photograph of the interior of his church, rough but solid. "With God's help," he says, "I intend to finish it this year."

If by chance you feel yourself overburdened with work, think that your brother missionaries envy you and dream of success like yours.

CATHOLIC CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND MISSION.

37 Kneeland St.,
(Sunday Session, 3 P. M.)
(Fr. Browne).

A printed card, bearing the above information will be sent to any one especially interested in the conversion of Chinese residents in Boston and vicinity.

This work is making a steady and gratifying advance. It is not yet three years old in the Archdiocese and a nucleus of fifty converts has already been formed.

These represent all portions of the city proper and immediate suburbs, also outlying cities and towns, among which are Cambridge, Somerville, Newton, Melrose, South Framingham, Northboro and Westboro. The converts are for the most part, laundrymen from the province of Kwangtung, which lies along the southeast coast of China, and of which Canton is the capital. One is a restaurant keeper and the remainder are variously employed.

Our Catholic Chinamen in Boston are organized with Fr. Walter J. Browne of SS. Peter and Paul Church, South Boston, Director; Mr. Charles Joe, of 209 C St., South Boston, Secretary, and Mr. Yee Li, of 127 Beacon St., Somerville, Treasurer. Their headquarters in Kneeland street consist of four rooms, which have been furnished comfortably and attractively by themselves. They ask no material aid and are generous in their appreciation of what is done for them. The rooms are open Sunday afternoons for classes in catechism and English which are taught by six young men, under Fr. Browne's direction.

After the classes there is usually a social meeting when all take tea in tiny cups and those who smoke indulge themselves occasionally during the remaining time until about 7 o'clock.

"GUN-HAY-FAT-HOY."

It was the editor's privilege on Sunday, January 31, to celebrate the Chinese New Year and wish a *Gun-hay-fat-hoy* to the Catholic Chinese of Boston.

We do not even know the literal meaning of this salutation which we have tried to spell euphonically, but in any event, when repeated, it always pleased the individuals addressed and seemed quite the proper sentence for the occasion of which we speak.

The celebration began at the Mission rooms on Kneeland street with catechism and prayers, after which the company, made up of about

30. Chinamen, half a dozen white teachers, all young men of Boston, and the big *priest man*, as his 'boys' call Fr. Browne, moved over to a restaurant in Chinatown, conducted by one of the converts. Three tables had been prepared for the select assemblage, two for the Chinese themselves and a third for the guests, who were joined by some of their English-speaking hosts.

The banquet was already in progress when the editor turned into that portion of Harrison Avenue which is occupied by Chinese resorts, good, bad and indifferent.

It was about 5 o'clock and too cold for the usual groups that fill the doorways. The location of the restaurant had been fairly well described, but while hesitating in a search for it, we almost bumped into one of our Boston Catholic booksellers, to whom an explanation was due, but whose aid we were glad to invoke, under the circumstances.

It must be confessed that the name Chinatown does not suggest the ultra-respectable, but, after all, and the thought pressed itself home at the time, would it be such a terrible thing to dine where Publicans and Sinners are allowed to enter? We recalled a certain precedent, too.

In any event we soon found the entrance and were told by a young Chinaman, from whom we inquired, that the Catholics from South Boston were upstairs with a "*big man*." The bookseller took his leave with a hope-you-get-through-safe expression and the editor climbed the narrow stairway to the first floor of Mr. L's restaurant.

Mr. L. was not far away. Unusually large for a Chinaman, he appeared at the head of the stairs in his shirt-sleeves, gave us a cordial greeting and conducted us to the three festive discs—which were already garlanded by our smiling Chinaman and their worthy preceptors.

All rose and each would have shaken hands with the new comer had not Fr. Browne saved the situation by beckoning us to take a place beside him. Here in a stage whisper the "*big man*" congratulated his fellow-priest on getting to the spread,—late. Not so late after all, however. The tables had been cleared, but only for a moment did the teak-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, stand in its lone beauty, and beautiful indeed it was. Interesting also were many other furnishings about us.

Course number one, an excellent fruit salad, was placed before the editor, who would and *should* have made his evening meal on the same, had he not been ill advised. What followed on the menu can never be printed in English. Had Dan Maginness attended a 'celestial banquet' as the guest of some 30 baptized Chinese, he would never have been satisfied with his famous song, "The Christening."

"There were all sorts of tea,"—that part of it was simple enough, but the remaining items that came between the gulps from the wee cup! As a result of occasional inquiries, these may be suggested, after a fashion, as follows: *Bird's Nest Soup* (supposed to be fit for a prince); *Duck*; *Shark's Fins*. At this point Fr. Browne was heard to exclaim "for Heaven's sake, if you love me, stop!"); *Chinese Ham with Jelly Fish*; (we were assured that every article of Chinese diet is prepared with a view to its medicinal properties, but we knew that some medicines can kill; *Fish Gills*, suggestive of a combination of sea-weed and sponge; *Muscles with Water Nuts*; *Bamboo Shoots with Mushrooms*; "eat here and die outside," was, we were informed, one rule of the house; *Lobster*, distinguishable by its taste, and *Vegetables*; *Chopped Pigeon Bones* (Fr. Browne wisely concluded that the man who chewed these could swallow them). "Ah, but you must taste it, Fr. Browne," said Mr. Yee Li at his left who had missed the priest's observation. We pay it all. You must taste everything."

Occasionally cups of rice were passed in place of bread, although, out of deference to the guests, a solitary plate of the American staff-of-life was allowed to remain in sight several moments. Chop-sticks were used but principally at the other tables; and towards the end of the repast water was administered to several thirsty whites at the disc of honor.

Whenever one platter of food was removed two seemed instantly to replace it. But there is an end to everything, even to a Chinese dinner; and at length some delicious pastry and orange peels, made into baskets and filled with jelly, brought this part of the celebration to a close.

Cigars were then lighted and all adjourned to the mission-rooms on Kneeland street, where after speeches by the priests and the recital of an Our Father and a Hail Mary, in chorus, by the Chinese, the evening was given up to an informal concert provided by Mr. Fong Ying's graphophone which rendered Chinese and and other airs.

FIVE THOUSAND COPIES OF "A MODERN MARTYR"

are in circulation today.

Price, 90 cents; postpaid, \$1.00

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH OFFICE
(Bureau) 62 Union Park St., Boston, Mass.

A MISSIONARY'S TRIBUTE.

TO FR. WM. H. JUDGE, S.J.

Who was this that stalked alone
The darkness of the frozen zone,
Round whom blasts of Boreas played
Like zephyrs in some sylvan glade?
Where fierce the Arctic storms are churned
And men to blocks of ice are turned,
So strange to earth his course he ran,
Was he an angel or a man?
With soul as pure as driven snow,
Light of foot as the nimble roe,
Swift as the eagle on the wing
To bear relief to the suffering,
To soothe the dying miner's soul
And win it for the eternal goal,
How strong the race for souls he ran!
Was he angel or was he man?
Where didst thou learn, great soul, to cheer
The broken heart in land so drear?
Ah! 'twas as thy sweet words impart,
"In union with the Sacred Heart."
In union with that Sea of love
Earth's storms are quelled, its mountains
move,

We bless the frosts, the ice and snow,
The northern breezes kindlier blow;
No earthly elements can thwart
True lovers of the Sacred Heart
As on they press at His sweet call
Who died to ransom mankind all.
From thee, sweet soul, we well may learn
The empty dross of earth to spurn
And seek for treasures rich and rare
To grace a world that knows no care.
Alas! too short thy warmth and light
Gave comfort to Alaska's night:
'Neath brighter skies thou'rt gone to shine
O harbinger of truth divine.
Intrepid soldier of the Cross,
The Yukon long will mourn thy loss,
Long will its children sound thy fame,
Sweet teacher of the Sacred Name.
From mansions warm where dwell the Blest,
From home of peace and well-earned rest,
Let now thy cheery vision beam
O'er earth's dark canyon, crag and stream,
Make glad the abject in this wold,
Lead back the wanderer to the fold;
And peace to sin-tossed soul impart,
Fond lover of the Sacred Heart.

—W. F., Hang-Chow, China.

While this concert was in progress the editor took his leave, grateful for a deeper insight into the spirit of our Chinese converts and edified by the simple and intelligent faith which they manifest.

God alone knows how far-reaching may be the result of this work among our Chinese residents. So far it has certainly proved that the effort has not been wasted.

We congratulate Fr. Browne and his teachers on the success which they have already obtained and we ask our readers to pray for its continuance and its development. *Gun-hay-fat-hoy* to the *priest-man* and his "*boys*!"

THE FIELD AFAR.

Single copies	50c. a year
Five copies to same address at	45c. a year
Ten copies	40c. a year
Twenty-five copies	35c. a year
Fifty copies	30c. a year
100 or more copies	25c. a year

RETURNS FOR 1908.

During the year 1908, nearly fifty-two thousand dollars passed through the Diocesan Office. This included, besides dues in the Lyons Society, which amounted to over thirty thousand dollars, a large number of remittances which were forwarded directly to beneficiaries in different parts of the world. Of these remittances fully ten thousand dollars were made up of donations, including Mass stipends, expressly designated for missionaries in whom benefactors had, through one source or another, become interested.

While we publish briefly the list of parishes, academies and institutions, through which the bulk of the returns has been received, we wish here to publicly express our appreciation of the co-operation of pastors and directors under whom the various branches have been fostered. The consciousness of sharing in the merits of many missionaries and in the simple prayers of their flocks must be as gratifying to them as their reward is certain. "To co-operate with God in the Salvation of souls is the most divine of all divine works."—*St. Dionysius*.

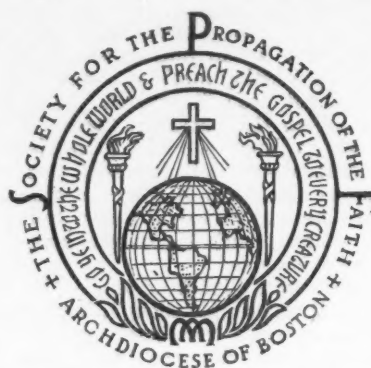
A WORD FOR THE OUTSIDE DIOCESES.

In our Diocesan Report for 1902, we find that outside dioceses were credited with a sum hardly exceeding fifty dollars. During the past year we notice that this figure has increased to \$4,376.87, of which about two-fifths came from other dioceses in New England. As little or no direct effort has thus far been made to interest these dioceses, the increase recorded is a healthy sign that our New England Catholics, priests and people, are beginning to appreciate the remote needs. Much of the money received from New England came through devoted priests.

THE EDUCATIONAL IDEA.

Gathering the crumbs and passing them on to needy missions is not, however, the only aim of our diocesan work. Its primary purpose is to make known all that is embraced in the missionary idea,—the world-wide command, the apostolic vocation, the examples of self-denial, the love of souls for love of God. When the missionary idea once sinks into a Catholic mind, the heart responds and the appeal for material support is welcomed as an opportunity to win souls to Christ.

Remember that to spread among Catholics at home the missionary idea is the best method of helping the toilers in the wilderness.



"Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost."—JOHN vi., 12.

REV. JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, M. Ap.
Director in the Archdiocese of Boston,
62 UNION PARK STREET, - BOSTON, MASS.

FROM THE BRANCHES.

In the City of Boston.

Cathedral.....	\$1,008.19
St. Cecilia's.....	282.20
Holy Trinity.....	216.61
Immaculate Conception.....	572.14
St. James'.....	399.15
St. John the Baptist.....	173.80
St. Joseph's.....	124.02
St. Mary's.....	287.30
Notre Dame des Victoires ..	1,145.00
St. Philip's.....	199.40

Roxbury.

St. Patrick's.....	215.22
St. Joseph's.....	159.10
St. John's.....	60.40
St. Hugh's.....	110.50
St. Francis de Sales'.....	255.66
Our Lady of Perpetual Help	652.58
Blessed Sacrament.....	161.50
All Saint's.....	274.50

South Boston.

St. Augustine's.....	1,113.00
Gate of Heaven.....	94.70
Holy Rosary.....	84.61
SS. Peter and Paul.....	250.70
St. Vincent's.....	63.96

East Boston.

Most Holy Redeemer.....	201.85
Our Lady of the Assumption	130.16
St. Mary's, Star of the Sea..	58.35

Charlestown.

St. Catherine's.....	568.80
St. Frances de Sales'.....	537.43
St. Mary's.....	325.50

Dorchester.

St. Ann's (Neponset).....	65.00
St. Margaret's.....	176.00
St. Peter's.....	515.77
St. Leo's.....	129.20
St. Gregory's.....	312.15
St. Matthew's.....	66.45

Jamaica Plain.—St. Thomas...

Roslindale.—Sacred Heart....	257.47
West Roxbury.—St. Theresa's...	50.00
	105.47

Brighton.

St. Columbkille's.....	78.85
St. Anthony's.....	132.45

Outside of the City of Boston.

Abington.—St. Bridget's.....	149.81
Amesbury.—St. Joseph's.....	120.00
Andover.—St. Augustine's.....	40.00
Arlington.—St. Agnes'.....	150.30
Atlantic.—Sacred Heart.....	8.00
Avon.—St. Michael's.....	101.00

Beverly Farms.—St. Margaret's..	89.40
Bridgewater.—St. Thomas Aquinas'	87.10

Brockton.

St. Patrick's.....	853.55
Sacred Heart.....	74.40
St. Edward's.....	103.00

Brookline.—St. Mary's.....

	130.70
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Cambridge.

Sacred Heart.....	574.14
St. Paul's.....	185.55
St. John's.....	103.80
Notre Dame de Pitie.....	96.00
St. Mary's.....	495.05
St. Anthony's.....	134.20

Canton.—St. John's.....

	71.17
--	-------

No. Chelmsford.—St. John's....

	76.00
--	-------

Chelsea.—St. Rose's.....

	181.70
--	--------

Cochituate.—St. Zephirin's.....

	16.00
--	-------

Wayland.—St. Ann's.....

	24.45
--	-------

Concord.—St. Bernard's.....

	40.00
--	-------

Danvers.—Annunciation.....

	112.00
--	--------

Dedham.—St. Mary's.....

	219.65
--	--------

Everett.—Immaculate Concp'n..

	6.00
--	------

So. Framingham.—St. Stephen's..

	93.90
--	-------

Gloucester.

St. Ann's.....	201.96
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Our Lady of Good Voyage..

	69.20
--	-------

Haverhill.—St. James'.....

	14.00
--	-------

Haverhill.—St. Joseph's.....

	285.00
--	--------

Hingham.—St. Paul's.....

	140.87
--	--------

Holbrook.—St. Joseph's.....

	5.65
--	------

Holliston.—St. Mary's.....

	32.00
--	-------

Hopkinton.—St. John's.....

	21.10
--	-------

Hudson.—St. Michael's.....

	183.00
--	--------

Hyde Park.—Most Precious Blood

	229.73
--	--------

Ipswich.—St. Joseph's.....

	108.60
--	--------

Kingston.—St. Joseph's.....

	72.00
--	-------

Lawrence.

St. Mary's.....	435.33
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St. Lawrence.....

	117.20
--	--------

St. Ann's.....

	860.50
--	--------

Sacred Heart, (So. Lawrence)

	248.96
--	--------

St. Patrick's.....

	177.95
--	--------

Lexington.—St. Bridget's.....

	57.50
--	-------

Lowell.

St. Peter's.....	604.70
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St. Patrick's.....

	1,326.50
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Immaculate Conception.....

	247.90
--	--------

St. Joseph's.....

	2,046.61
--	----------

St. Michael's.....

	184.80
--	--------

Sacred Heart.....

	490.85
--	--------

St. Louis'.....

	234.20
--	--------

Lynn.

St. Mary's.....	206.00
-----------------	--------

St. Joseph's.....

	143.00
--	--------

St. John the Baptist.....

	24.00
--	-------

Sacred Heart (West Lynn).

	186.60
--	--------

Malden.

Immaculate Conception.....	245.05
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Sacred Heart.....

	145.65
--	--------

Manchester.—Sacred Heart.....

	12.60
--	-------

Marblehead.—Star of the Sea...

	230.25
--	--------

Marlboro.—ImmaculateConc'p'n

	115.70
--	--------

Maynard.—St. Bridget's.....

	69.60
--	-------

Medford.—St. Joseph's.....

	73.75
--	-------

West Medford.—St. Raphael's...

	89.57
--	-------

Medway.—St. Joseph's.....

	25.45
--	-------

Melrose.—St. Mary's.....

	329.52
--	--------

Merrimac.—Nativity.....

	19.15
--	-------

Middleboro.—Sacred Heart....

	143.05
--	--------

Natick.—St. Patrick's.....

	162.90
--	--------

So. Natick.—Sacred Heart....

	29.38
--	-------

Newburyport.—Immaculate Con-

ception.....	198.75
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Newton.

Our Lady, Help of Christians..	773.08
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Sacred Heart (Centre).....

	182.92
--	--------

St. John's.....

	63.00
--	-------

St. Mary's.....

	60.55
--	-------

St. Bernard's.....

	307.80
--	--------

Norwood, St. Catherine's.....

	224.10
--	--------

Peabody.—St. John's.....

	310.70
--	--------

East Pepperell.—St. Joseph's...

	78.45
--	-------

Plymouth.—St. Peter's.....	173.81
Quincy.—St. John's.....	17.00
Randolph.—St. Mary's.....	190.40
Revere.—Immaculate Concep'n..	126.60
Reading.—St. Agnes'.....	50.25
Rockland.—Holy Family.....	154.00
Rockport.—St. Joachim's.....	55.75
Salem.	
St. Joseph's.....	616.00
Immaculate Conception.....	763.25
Saxonville.—St. George's.....	48.40
Somerville.	
St. Joseph's.....	627.70
St. Ann's.....	318.10
St. Catherine's.....	268.45
Stoneham.—St. Patrick's.....	36.05
Waltham.	
St. Mary's.....	545.20
St. Joseph's.....	95.95
Watertown.	
St. Patrick's.....	100.35
Sacred Heart.....	91.55
Weymouth.—Immaculate Con- ception.....	29.20
Whitman.—Holy Ghost.....	129.00
Woburn.—St. Charles'.....	101.10
Central.....	571.88

ACADEMIAE.

St. John's Seminary, Brighton..	72.75
Sacred Heart Academy, Boston..	45.00
Notre Dame Academy, Boston (See note).....	72.00
Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley Hills.....	31.95
Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Brighton.....	20.00
St. Ann's Academy, Marlboro....	11.00
Notre Dame Academy, Lowell....	125.00
Institutions.	
Carney Hospital, So. Boston...	13.00
St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Boston.	36.00
Little Sisters of the Poor, Rox- bury.....	28.25
Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Boston.....	6.56

NOTE.—The following additional returns were received too late to be included in the Annual Report:

Sacred Heart, Brockton.....	\$ 17.90
St. Thomas', Bridgewater.....	5.00
St. Columbkille's, Brighton.....	93.15
Mission Church, Roxbury.....	101.63
St. Thomas', Jamaica Plain....	22.60
St. Mary's, Newton Upper Falls.	13.25
St. Theresa's, West Roxbury...	54.30
Notre Dame Academy, Boston..	200.00
St. Cecilia's, Boston.....	21.70
Immaculate Conception, Malden.	75.00
Nativity, Merrimac.....	2.50
St. Mary's, Boston.....	8.00
St. Mary's, Lynn.....	111.00
Notre Dame des Victoires, Boston	175.00
St. Michael's, No. Andover....	121.70

BRANCHES CONTRIBUTING
\$1,000 AND OVER.

St. Joseph's, Lowell.....	\$2,046.61
St. Patrick's, Lowell.....	1,326.50
Notre Dame des Victoires, Bos- ton.....	1,320.00
St. Augustine's, So. Boston....	1,113.00
Cathedral, Boston.....	1,008.19

BRANCHES CONTRIBUTING
\$800 AND OVER.

St. Ann's, Lawrence.....	860.50
St. Patrick's, Brockton.....	853.55

BRANCHES CONTRIBUTING
\$400 AND OVER.

Help of Christians, Newton....	\$773.08
Immaculate Conception, Salem..	763.25

Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Rox- bury.....	754.21
St. Joseph's, Somerville.....	627.70
St. Joseph's, Salem.....	616.00
St. Peter's, Lowell.....	604.70
Sacred Heart, Cambridge.....	574.14
Immaculate Concep'n, Boston...	572.14
St. Catherine's, Charlestown...	568.80
St. Mary's, Waltham.....	545.20
St. Frances de Sales', Charlest'n	537.43
St. Peter's, Dorchester.....	515.77
St. Mary's, Cambridge.....	495.05
Sacred Heart, Lowell.....	490.85
St. Mary's, Lawrence.....	435.33

BEQUESTS

Were Received During 1908 from the

Estate of Mr. Patrick F. Sullivan, Roxbury, Mass.....	\$3,075.00
Estate of Mrs. Catherine Rouse, Lowell, Mass.....	500.00



A CORNER IN THE BOSTON DIOCESAN OFFICE.

FOR THE HOLY CHILDHOOD

Sacred Heart Church, So. Law- rence.....	\$25.00
St. Anne's Church, Lawrence..	20.00
Notre Dame, Berkeley St.....	100.00
Individual offerings.....	7.00
	\$152.00

FROM OTHER DIOCESES IN NEW
ENGLAND.*

Springfield.....	\$2,194.61
Providence.....	196.25
Manchester.....	148.75
Portland.....	59.06
Fall River.....	52.15
Hartford.....	24.60

*These figures apply only to offerings received at the Boston office and do not represent the full contribution of the above dioceses to the mission cause. By request of the Bishop of Manchester we publish the following additional returns, reported through his Diocesan office:

Manchester, N. H. Cathedral....	\$35.00
" " Individual of- fering.....	6.00
" " Miss V. Chabot	12.60
" " St. Ann's Church Rev. J. J. Ly- ons.....	55.00
Concord, " " St. Ann's School	4.00
" " St. John's Church....	59.25
Derry, " " Mrs. Ed. Brou- illard.....	10.00
Littleton, " " Rev. J. Riley.	12.00
Troy, " " Rev. D. O'Neil	6.00
Franklin, " " Rev. A. Timon	12.00
Hooksett, " " Rev. F. X. Le- clair.....	6.00
Hinsdale, " " Mrs. H. A. Sta- ples.....	3.85
Nashua, " " St. Aloysius' Church....	85.32
Miss Anna Doyle.....	7.20
N. Conway " " Rev. C. La- croix.....	15.00
Somersworth " " Rev. F. Des- rosiers.....	7.00
Diocesan Col- lection ...	1000.00
Total.....	\$1,336.22

* *

PRAYERS REQUESTED.

Kindly pray for the souls of these bene-
factors, lately deceased:

Rev. J. J. O'Keefe	Margaret Murphy
Rev. F. S. Wilson	Mary Costello
Mrs. Sarah Mansfield	Julia Lambert
Mrs. Rose McEnaney	William Burke
Patrick O'Brien	M. Pelletier
Joseph Doyle	Mrs. Johanna Curry
Mrs. Thomas Deane	Mary Manning
John May	Elizabeth Hogan
Mrs. Mary Brennan	Johanna Byrne
Mrs. Catherine Neary	Mrs. Catherine Neil
Michael Granville	William Neil
Robert Granville	Mary Crane
Mrs. C. Williams	Mary Hassett
Rebecca Shea	Daniel Carey
Mary E. Love	Peter A. Reehal
Mary Walsh	Mrs. Julia Shea
Margaret O'Mahoney	Mary Denney
Rose McGlone	Michael Landers
Eucler Desrasiers	John Hogan
Florien Dufour	Mary Hogan
Mrs. Ann McFadden	Elizabeth Hogan
Thomas MacDonald	Mabel Corr
James Flanagan	Patrick Corr
Stephen Fallon	Thomas Gorman
Leon F. Dubuc	Michael Horne
Agnes Dubuc	Edward McKeon
Edward Barrett	Eugene Lynch
Frank Sliney	Mrs. Eugene Lynch
Annie Dunn	Charles F. Donnelly
James Murphy	Thomas F. Gorman
William McCarthy	Mrs. Luke Pierce
Jeremiah Murphy	Mrs. J. Prendergast

WHILE Bishop MacSherry was in Boston, he told a good story illustrating the shrewdness of *Oom Paul* once President of the South African Republic.

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* *

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